The Sun.

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The Governor's Mentor.

It would be difficult to find praise fitting the courage, wisdom and good taste displayed by the Borough President of this town in his open letter to the Hon. JOHN A. DIX reminding the Governor of the misapprehension which exists in the mind of the Chief Executive of this State. Like all great actions, Mr. MCANENY'S is original; not in our memory has a Borough President of this Manhattan so intrepidly undertaken to extend the boundaries of his empire or the influence of his office.

Theoretically the Borough President is a subordinate of the Governor, subordinate in the sense that he is subject to removal by the Governor on charges. Within the mere textual limitations of the charter the Borough President's concern is with the minor necessities of city life, with such trivial things as pavements, for example, or details of fire inspection. But not even the New York city charter's endless pages can shackle genius or bind a MCANENY.

It is probable that it never occurred to the Hon. JOHN A. DIX to consult the Borough President of Manhattan before making an appointment. In his blindness, we assume, he conceived that the approval of the State Senate required by law was difficult enough to obtain without excursions into the unknown. But the Governor was mistaken. He knows that now. Mr. MCANENY has shown him his mistake.

What the office of Borough President has always needed and never before had was a man great enough to display complete contempt for all the sordid details of its field. Such a public official Mr. MCANENY is, and as the people of this town stumble or fall on the broken pavement, or lie prostrate in the barricaded streets, we venture to say that no temporary discomfort will distract their attention from the fact that an office long neglected is now occupied by a man before whom corporations must tremble and Governors should quail.

It requires no profound gift of prophecy to foresee the time when the newest of Public Service Commissioners, the Hon. J. SERGEANT CRAM, will stand a suppliant before the Governor of this State begging him to defer action on charges asking the removal of the Borough President of Manhattan, charges which at least once have been sent to Albany, long enough to permit Mr. MCANENY to complete the great task to which he has dedicated his life, that of providing rapid transit for this town.

As for Governor DIX, having read Mr. MCANENY'S letter, we can imagine how suddenly as if by midnight flash it was borne in upon him how much the smallest office gains even in comparison with the largest when it is filled by one of the wisely chosen captains of the uncommon people.

The Prevailing Political Doctrine Applied to Finance.

The *Congressional Record* of June 1 contains what may be called a character study, from the documents, by Senator BURTON of Ohio of a Western promoter, journalist, educator, philanthropist, whose financial genius and love of the people have brought upon him, doubtless unjustly, the suspicions of the Post Office Department, suspicions more than compensated by the affection of the Hon. JEFF DAVIS, the Low Combed Rooster of Arkansas. Mr. BURTON has met the distinguished financier and friend of the people in question, got a favorable impression of him, but attributes to him too great a diversity of schemes, a few of which are here set down:

"People's United States Bank, University City Bank, People's Savings Trust Company, American Women's League, University Heights Realty and Development Company, People's University, Woman's National Daily, Lewis Addressing Machine Company, Controller Company of America.

"The following concerns also appear to have been promoted by Mr. E. G. LEWIS, but were not investigated by post office inspectors: Progressive Watch Company, California Vineyards Company, Hygienic Remedy Company.

"I do not know whether that is a water cure or an ice cream cure, or what it is: Chemical Freezer Company, Anti-Cavity Company.

"That is the natural complement of the United States Fiber Stopper Company. [Laughter.] Clare Art Company, Faultless Suspender Company.

"And many others."

The Sellersian, the inventive, the creative temperament. Mr. BURTON estimates its product, in the case of this possessor of it, at $10,000,000 in ten years, taken "mostly from women who could ill afford to lose it, servant girls, washerwomen, boarding house keepers—often the savings of a lifetime."

We are not interested to follow the fortunes of companies set afoot by this genius, who according to one account first dawned upon the world of money in Memphis, Tenn., "where he blew in from some mysterious realm with a bug or rat poison." Our own interest in him is to show that he adopted in finance the means of persuasion so triumphantly used by our most progressive and popular statesmen. For instance, in recommending the People's United States Bank, organized to receive savings deposits and do a mail order banking business, he used this exquisitely modern political language:

"I pledge you all, here and now, that I will give my life and my heart's blood before one tiny speck of that confidence or one penny of that money shall ever be misplaced. * * * It is the king of banks, the dictator of the wealthy man's bank; for it is the people's bank, created by their small sums, each all directors, none of them borrowers, and its debtors will be the great banking institutions of wealthy men. I am straining every nerve to organize for you what I believe to be the greatest bank in the world. I am arranging my resources to put a million dollars into our bank myself and then trustee my stock so that its earnings will go into the reserve of the bank each year, and so that no wealthy scoundrel with the riches of Crœsus can ever gain control of our bank; for he must first collect from all over the nation a million dollars of the stock in small sums to offset my single trusteed holdings. He could not do it. In your hands will always be the election of the officers and directors. Only by serving you truly and well can they hold their positions, and I tell you again that I would rather be president of that bank and the *Woman's Magazine* than President of the United States."

Men are seeking and have long been seeking to be Presidents of the United States by an exactly parallel appeal to the people against "greed." A few more words from this delicious friend of the producing classes:

"I will sacrifice the flesh on my body before the purpose of this great bank shall be moved one inch from the path laid out; and I ask you in turn for that confidence and love, as it is the sweetest wine that can ever pass a man's lips. * * * A bank which, never speculating, puts its capital in gilt securities, will forever stand as the tower of safety and strength to a million families whose savings and all it guards. * * * No man, no matter what his wealth, or any combination of men, can ever change the purpose for which this great bank has been organized or ever divert its funds from the absolutely safe lines that have been laid down without first obtaining the consent of nearly 70,000 different stockholders. * * * I will put a stumbling block in the path of the man whose greed for wealth shall ever tempt him to stock job or bleed it that will break his neck before he can surmount it. I hope to see the day when an election to the board of this bank will be harder to gain and more sought after than an election to Congress."

The Supreme Court of Missouri called this eloquence "afflatus rhodomontade." With full respect to the court, it is the prevailing gospel of politics. If the women folks responded generously, that merely shows that they yielded to the same arguments and are trustful as the men who drink rapturously the yawp of the most illustrious and successful American statesmen of the last few years, of the present, and apparently of the immediate future.

The Declaration of London Assured.

The approval of the Declaration of London by the Imperial Conference, sometimes called the Colonial Conference, seems to settle the question whether the Declaration, which contains a set of rules for the guidance of the International Prize Court, will be ratified by England. There have been, and there will continue to be, honest differences of opinion about the effect of these rules upon the welfare of England when engaged in war. That the rules will work to her advantage when she is a neutral cannot seriously be disputed.

Critics of the Declaration, which was drawn up by delegates from Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, Japan, Russia, Italy, Austria and Holland in February, 1909, have generally maintained that England would be delivered into the hands of Germany in the event of war with that country if the Declaration were ratified by England. Mr. H. W. WILSON, the naval expert, in bitterly assailing it, has used this language in a recent issue of the *National Review*:

"We allow the destruction of our ships when other Powers are at war; we imperil our food supplies; we expose our commerce to the deadliest form of attack; we hamper our fleets; we abandon the rules and laws of our own Prize Courts, with their six centuries of maritime experience and their high standard of justice and humanity, for a new code made in Germany, inferior in humanity and equity; on every vital point we surrender our contentions; and we treat the dominions as though they were of less account than Persia, Colombia and Uruguay. A nation which accepts such a code deserves to become the 'rich but defenceless prey' of peoples who will not sell their destiny for a mess of pottage. The Declaration of London is a lamentable proof that the spirit of PITT and PALMERSTON has disappeared from British diplomacy."

But is it as bad as all that? The fear that England's food supply would be cut off in case of war is prompted by the clause in the Declaration that allows foodstuffs carried in neutral bottoms to be seized by the enemy's ships, that is to say foodstuffs consigned to or intended for the army and navy, which thus become contraband. It would be a question of evidence, which no doubt a rival sea power would construe to suit itself, with the understanding, however, that the case would go on appeal to the International Prize Court. It has been pointed out that the sum of England's food supply carried in neutral ships is comparatively small. The bulk of foodstuffs is carried in British ships, and if the British navy could not protect them the supplies brought by neutral ships, even if all of them escaped the enemy, would not save England from the humiliation of making peace on the enemy's terms.

The Declaration of Paris, which that of London is to supplant, abolished privateering. There is nothing in the proposed rules to prevent the conversion of a merchant steamer into a man-of-war on the high seas, the question having been left open. But the omission would work to the advantage of England herself, for what other nation has so great a tonnage of fast merchant ships in the Seven Seas? Moreover, what other nation has so many fleet and powerful cruisers to overhaul privateers preying on her commerce?

As to contraband, its character will be settled for the first time. Such and such articles will be contraband outright; some raw materials, foodstuffs, cloths, fuel, &c., will be conditional contraband; and there will be a "free list" of articles that can be imported under a neutral flag, among them raw materials necessary in British industry and representing about one-third of all imports. Hitherto each nation has decided for itself what was contraband, the law of nations being evoked or ignored as occasion arose.

A great outcry has been made about the so-called restriction of the zone of blockade, that is to say a blockade must be thoroughly effective to be recognized; but it has been well said that Articles 1 to 21 of the Declaration dealing with this question represent British naval opinion on the subject as it has been maintained for a hundred years. Moreover, the blockade rules were proposed by the British delegates. Other objections have been urged to the terms of the Declaration, but the most weighty we have outlined. There is no doubt that behind the opposition is a conviction that Germany is already a formidable trade and naval rival to England, and that in the event of war Germany would prove a ruthless belligerent in spite of the Declaration. But it was not made for the benefit of England alone; it was made for the good of all maritime nations, and particularly for the welfare of neutrals and to prevent war by referring grievous seizures at sea and the destruction of neutral ships to the International Prize Court for final adjudication. With the most powerful navy and the greatest mercantile marine in the world, England has resources enough to maintain the ascendency of both and to protect her food supply in time of war from the ravages of any rival sea power, even Germany.

The Declaration of London was very much of England's making and she should abide by the work of her delegates. It is not a perfect document, and as it stands it would make the cost of a war with Germany a formidable thing to consider; but the war would also be costly to Germany; and the realization ought to act as a deterrent to both. In short, if England maintains the double naval standard, as she proposes to do, she has nothing to fear from the Declaration of London when she is a combatant. As a neutral she should greatly profit by it.

The Wreck of the Maine.

The plan of the War Department to sink the wreck of the battleship Maine in the depths of the Atlantic Ocean is founded in good judgment and good sense. Preservation of the hull would be justified only if it could be made to serve a useful purpose in the education of the men of the army and navy. Suggestions that the hulk be placed in a museum or otherwise arranged for public inspection or that its metal be worked into medals are out of harmony with the requirements of dignity and good taste.

It is at least questionable whether the erection of the ship's mast as a monument in Arlington is advisable, though such use of any part of the Maine would arouse no opposition. The principal end to be kept in mind in disposing of the wreck is that it shall not pass into the control of men who might make unworthy use of it.

The appropriate and proper resting place for the ruins of the warship is the bottom of the sea, and the inaction of Congress on the subject indicates that the plans of the War Department are approved by the legislators.

A few encounters between car rowdies and determined citizens like the gentleman who on Saturday kicked a loafer into submission on the Third avenue elevated railroad would have a most wholesome effect. It is unhappily true that some persons must have decency beaten into them.

Andrew Johnson's Tomb.

From the Washington Post.

"While Andrew Johnson may not have been a popular President, and is not often recalled," said Robert L. Rowell of Tennessee, "his tomb is one of the few Presidential tombs in the country which is honored by the presence of a paid watchman.

"There is, of course, a watchman at the Grant tomb in New York, and possibly at the Garfield memorial at Cleveland, but most of the Presidents' graves while well kept are not actually guarded by a watchman.

"A few years ago the Government bought a small park including the plot of ground known as the President Johnson burial place, and this park was given the dignity of a national cemetery, maintained like all other national cemeteries by the Federal Government. Thus Andrew Johnson is now buried on Government ground, which will be kept for generations to come with funds from the Treasury.

"I do not know that as much honor is paid to the tomb of Washington by the Government, and certainly other great Presidents, like Jackson and Jefferson, have no Federal caretaking of their graves. Jackson is buried at the Hermitage, nine miles out of Nashville, and Polk lies buried in the city, with a suitable monument, but there is no watchman paid by the Government to look over these tombs day and night. The Lincoln memorial at Springfield has a day watchman, as the tomb is something of a museum and much visited. Very few visitors go to the Johnson tomb, near Greenville, but those who do go find a man giving attention to and keeping the grounds in good condition."

Mean Music Lovers.

From the Westminster Gazette.

In the current *Monthly Paper* of St. Anne's, Soho, the clergy congratulate their flock that the offertories at the Passion music services were this year "singularly free from buttons, counterfeit coins, tokens, debased foreign coins, and other miscellaneous items," but regret to record that "many people who had the best seats in the church passed the plate as if it were an infectious object. Nowhere, as many secular journals have pointed out, can Bach's sublime Passion music be heard to such advantage as in the church which was the first in England to produce it. Yet we suppose if people wished to hear it in a concert hall they would not think of paying less than a shilling." But the collections at St. Anne's seem more satisfactory than in a Southward church, where the offertory recently contained a peppermint sweet wrapped up in paper, on which was written, "Please give this to the old chap with the bad cough."

Statue to Captain Cook.

From the London Chronicle.

At last we are to have a statue of our British Columbus, Captain Cook, and it is to be placed in appropriate proximity to the new Admiralty archway. But although London has been unaccountably backward in honoring our greatest navigator, there are a dozen memorials of him scattered through the country. At present Australia possesses the finest statue of Cook. It is of bronze, by Woolner. The figure, 14 feet in height, stands in Hyde Park, Sydney.

The Test.

Diogenes was searching for an honest man.

"He will advertise that his summer resort has mosquitoes," explained the sage.

OLDER MANHATTAN.

Many Memories.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Who remembers the fleet of sidewheeled passenger boats run by the Staten Island Ferry Company? The boats were named Middleton, Castleton, Northfield, Southfield, Westfield. Who remembers the old stage lines that ran down Broadway to the different ferries? Some went to South Ferry, some to Cortlandt street and others to Fulton ferry and Wall street ferry. The stages were prettily painted with bodies in white and lettering and running gear in red. The line running to Fulton ferry, the Fifth avenue line, had its stages the most elaborate, the bodies of the bus being finished in navy blue, running gear in white, striped with red, and the lettering was done in gold. The door of the stage was opened or closed by a heavy leather strap controlled by the driver. When he opened the door to admit a passenger he would release his hold on the strap.

When the passenger had entered the driver would haul the strap taut; then he would ring for your fare, which you passed up to him through a small opening at the rear of his seat. The driver then deposited the money in a little change box beside his seat. When you wanted to alight you had to pull on the strap. Then the driver would release his hold on the strap and the door would fly open. The fare in those days was 10 cents and the lines paid good dividends. In winter time in extreme cold weather they would place a bedding of straw on the floors of the stages to keep the passengers' feet warm.

There was not much advertising done in those days and the small panels over the windows of each stage had a crudely executed rural scene painted in oil colors.

At night the only illumination was from a small candle enclosed in a glass case or box between the front windows. In later years they used oil lamps, which sometimes smoked forth a disagreeable odor.

I remember seeing stage sleighs on Broadway. One of the stage lines had a terminal at Avenue B and Fourteenth street.

I remember City Hall Park when it was enclosed by a railing. On the railing the venders would string a long fluttering line of penny ballads. You could purchase a dandy hunk of George Washington pie in those days for a cent. Or you could buy a cigar for a penny from an oval eyed Chinaman and light it at the smoky oil lamp on his stand.

I remember the time when lower South street seemed an almost impenetrable forest of spars, masts and rigging. The beautiful, sleek clipper ships used to dock there and the bowsprits of the vessels used to extend almost across the width of South street and seemed to pierce the grimy windows of the warehouses.

The figureheads on the bows of the vessels were of colossal size and were beautifully carved. Some of the figureheads represented dolphins, mermaids, kings, queens, admirals, &c. The figureheads were beautifully painted, some with a coat of pure white and some all a blaze of gold. When the glint of the sun rested on these figures and illumined their beautiful lines it was a sight worth going miles to see.

The South street wharves were a busy place in the days of long ago. Competition for freight was keen too. Before sailing days the agents of the different lines of sailing vessels would issue and distribute among all the business houses beautifully printed cards which gave all information about sailing dates, freight rates, &c. Some of the cards bore a picture of a vessel at sea straining under full sails. The cards were really artistic, the best work of the printer and lithographer. I wish I had a collection of the cards now. I would prize them highly.

Who remembers Brooks Bros.' clothing store on Catharine street and Barnum & Co.'s clothing store on Chatham Square? Who remembers the old Dutch Reformed Church on Fulton and William streets, and the old post office on Nassau street between Cedar and Liberty streets? It was a low, dingy, red brick building. I remember a P. H. Jones as postmaster then.

In those days the Cunard Line steamers docked over at Jersey City. The office of the line was in Bowling Green. C. G. Franklyn was agent for the line. Many a time as a boy I visited the Bowling Green office to get bills of lading signed. Many a time I went to the Jersey City docks with letters for the supplementary mails.

The Cunard Line in those days had a sidewheeled steamer named Scotia. She carried the mail, and if she made the trip in ten or twelve days the downtown merchants were jubilant.

In those days gold was at a high premium. Callender & Henderson, I remember, were a brokerage firm in Exchange Place. Many a bill of gold I purchased there for the firm I was with. Cables to Europe cost a dollar a word in gold.

Those were big days in the cotton market. Who remembers the Cotton Exchange in a building in Pearl street near Wall street? Who remembers the following big guns of the cotton market: Inman, Swann & Co., Lehman Bros., Easton & Co., Tabor Bros., Fatman & Co., Fachire Bros., Marsh, Price & Co., Cranshaw & Co., Jewell, Harrison & Co., E. J. Donnell, James F. Wenman?

Who remembers the cotton press of James Dillon on Coenties Slip? Cotton in those days came from the South in huge bales. These bales were sent to Dillon's to be compressed. The compressing saved freight room on the ocean liners. When a bale of cotton came out of Dillon's press it was about half the size it was when it entered.

Cotton samplers in those days made money very fast. Cotton was king then.

Who remembers old Fulton Market, with its booths and stalls fairly groaning under the weight of good things to eat? Dorlan & Schaeffer had an oyster saloon there where you could feast on the most luscious oysters, with a toby of good ale on the side. What a business Dorlan's had in those days. At certain hours of the day and evening you would have to stand and wait your turn for a table.

Who remembers big, hearty Jim Farrish, who had a place on John street near William? There you could enjoy a juicy chop or steak or a dish of kidneys.

Who remembers Keating's grocery store corner Peck Slip and Water street? You could slip in there and enjoy crackers and cheese, and were you well known you could get a nip of rare old gin.

Who remembers Kit Burns's place on Water street near Dover? Kit had the name of being a pugilist. He used the fighting ring sometimes as a rat pit.

Who remembers Avery's place, selling find groceries and rare vintages? The place was on Water street above Dover.

Who remembers the palace car run by the Third avenue road years ago? It was quite a long car, oval at each end, and was drawn by four horses. The car was richly fitted up. It had silk curtains on the windows and the fare was 10 cents. When the seats of the car were all occupied no more passengers were allowed on.

Who remembers the time when the freight cars of the New York and New Haven road came down Fourth avenue to Broome street, through Broome to Centre street to the freight station there? The cars were drawn by four horses.

Who remembers the time the passenger depot of the New York and New Haven road was at Twenty-seventh street and Fourth avenue? The depot was a very modest affair, just a low brick building. Years ago I remember going there to take a train for New Rochelle. The passenger cars then had flat roofs, like some of the old style freight cars. When train time came they would attach four horses to each passenger car and the cars would be drawn up to a point about Fiftieth street and Fourth avenue, where the roundhouse was. There they would attach a wheezy locomotive and your journey would commence.

At that time the upper section of the city was very sparsely settled and the tracks of the steam railroads were on the street level. At Fifty-ninth street crossing a flagman was stationed to warn people of the approach of the trains.

Many a time as a kid I stood at that crossing to see the trains go by.

Who recollects the Second avenue of years ago? "Lovers' Lane" they called it. On each side of the avenue from Second street to Twenty-third street stood fine old roomy houses, most of them then occupied by the best known people of the city. The Abendroth and Kane residences were especially fine houses. The avenue was tree embowered all the way up to Twenty-third street, and it was a delightful promenade.

I remember hearing Patti sing at the Academy of Music; also Campanini and Nilsson. Colonel Mapleson gave seasons of Italian grand opera under his direction. All the élite of the city used to attend, and during the performance the carriages of the wealthy used to block the streets and avenues near the Academy. I remember the time the Academy was burned down. It was afterward rebuilt.

I remember Lent's circus opposite the Academy of Music. The Melvilles performed there. Many a time as a kid I lingered near the stage door of the circus to see the members of the troupe come out after the performance. I remember the old Irving Hall, now the German Theatre. I remember the burning of St. George's Church on Sixteenth street and Rutherfurd place. The day of the fire I stood on Second avenue peering through the tall iron railing surrounding Stuyvesant Park, and I could see the burning embers falling into the vestibule entrance of the church. The fire did great damage and the steeples of the church had to be taken down, as they were considered unsafe. The Rev. Dr. Tyng was minister of St. George's at that time. He was a fine gentleman, beloved by all.

I remember the Steinway Hall on Fourteenth street. Delightful concerts were enjoyed there. I remember Theodore Thomas's concert garden at Fifty-eighth street and Seventh avenue.

I remember the old way of giving alarms of fire in this city. Wooden towers were erected at various points of the city. These towers had men on duty who used to ring out the alarm on the big bells. At times during the night one could hear the deep toned bells give the alarm. Those were the days of the old volunteer fire department. Many a time I have seen the boys hoofing along pulling the heavy machine. If they met a rival company they would forget all about the fire and they would drop the line and fight. When the fight was over they would proceed to the scene of the fire.

I recollect the time when droves of cattle and sheep were driven through the streets of the city to the slaughter houses. Sometimes a single head would break away from the herd and mounting the sidewalk it would rush along, scaring the pedestrians. I have seen cattle slaughtered at a place which is the present site of the Fifth street police station.

I remember the Mercantile Library on Astor place and the Six Penny Savings Bank in same building. I remember the hay market on lower Fourth avenue, now called Cooper Square South.

I remember the venerable and much respected Peter Cooper. I remember Abram S. Hewitt, his son-in-law. One night at Cooper Hall I heard Abram S. Hewitt proclaim that New York would one day be the imperial city of the world. He spoke the truth.

I remember Theiss's resort on East Fourteenth street. It is now Luchow's. I remember the Seventh Regiment occupying the armory at Seventh street and Third avenue. I remember the old armory building on West Fourteenth street occupied by the Twenty-second Regiment.

I recollect the old straw man who used to go about the streets of the city with a dilapidated two wheel cart. The man owned an old horse which in the hot days of summer would have his feeble limbs draped in trousers of light material. The animal's body would be enveloped in yards of mosquito netting to keep the flies off. The old straw man was one of the characters of the time. The boys used to delight in teasing him. Sometimes they were cruel enough to set fire to the poor man's load of straw.

I remember the Crystal Palace. I remember Barnum's Museum and a theatre in Chambers street. I remember Edwin Booth and his theatre at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, now McCreery's store. I recollect the burial ground on Houston street near Bowery. I remember Dan Bryant and his minstrel troupe on Fourteenth street. I saw Dan in his "Shoo Fly" song and dance. It was a great success. I remember the building of the Manhattan Club at Fifteenth street and Fifth avenue. I remember Samuel J. Tilden and his beautiful home on Gramercy Park south.

I remember the old cemetery on Second street near Second avenue, adjoining the school of the Christian Brothers. In my boyhood days I went to the Brothers school, and the beautiful peacocks from the cemetery would sometimes fly up on the cemetery wall and look in at us boys assembled in class. The good brothers gave us strict orders never to molest the beautiful birds. Some very bright boys finished their course at De La Salle Institute. Perhaps some of your readers recollect Brother Stephen, Brother Isaac John, Brother Leo, and Brother Luke, the music teacher. How the boys used to plague Brother Luke! At noon recess we boys used to chase around to Droste's bakery and lunch on tarts and cake. Droste's place was on Second avenue near Second street. A German grocery store on the corner of Second avenue and Second street used to supply us with crackers and cheese and extra large green pickles. Then we would tear back to school again for another bit at problems in algebra and rend our brains with theorems of geometry. Happy days they were then.

I recollect the Fisher & Bird marble works in Houston street. Even now I can see the immense saws at work cutting the blocks of marble. That was an interesting place.

I remember the time Augustin Daly had his theatre on Twenty-fourth street near Broadway. I remember Wood's Museum on upper Broadway. It is now Daly's Theatre.

I remember seeing the Great Eastern, then the largest ship afloat, at anchor in the North River. I saw the monitor Dunderberg lying at Roach's dock, foot of East Ninth street.

I remember the one horse or bobtailed cars that used to run to the ferries. When the cars reached the end of the line they were run upon a circular turntable. The driver would then apply the whip to the horse and the animal would revolve the turntable to the tracks again, then the car was ready for the return trip.

I remember Delmonico's on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street, and Solari's on University place.

I remember Duncan Sons & Co. fine grocery store on Union Square. I remember Devlin's clothing store, Warren street and Broadway. Devlin's in later years moved up to Union Square.

I remember the Spingler Building and the building occupied by the Fenian Brotherhood as their headquarters. Both these buildings were on Union Square. I remember Union Square Park with a high iron railing around it.

Who recollects the grand charity fair held years ago in Union Square Park? In the park, or the plaza north of it, was erected a large building of rough boards. The boards were covered with bunting and flags. Who recollects the distinguished company of Japanese that visited New York years ago? They had accommodations at the Hotel Opera, the building near the northeast corner of Fourteenth street and Union Square.

I recollect going to see them, and the Japanese filled all the windows of the hotel as they gazed out upon the immense crowd of people.

I recollect the visit to America of the Grand Duke Alexis. I saw him riding through the city in an open carriage and bowing to the crowds assembled to see him. He was a tall, dignified looking man of the blond type.

Who remembers the burial ground on East Eleventh and Twelfth streets near Second avenue? I think the St. Mark's Church Corporation owned the property.

Who remembers Brockway's Brewery on East Eleventh street near Second avenue?

Another cemetery was on Eleventh and Twelfth streets near First avenue. Another was on Second avenue between Second and Third streets. Who remembers the lads of the city using the street gutters for skating ponds? They skated on one foot. The skates were crude affairs, block of wood shaped to the form of the shoe and a steel blade for a runner. The skates at the centre of the heel had an iron screw. To adjust the skates properly to the feet or shoes it was necessary to bore a hole in the heel of your shoe. Into this hole made by an auger the screw of the skate was inserted until it held fast. Then leather straps on the front of the skate were fastened securely to and around the foot.

The boys also built fires in the streets, and stealing potatoes from the nearest groceryman would place the potatoes in the fire and cook them. I remember the Elysian Fields over in Hoboken. I remember Jones Wood on the East River front.

I recollect a fire engine house on John street near Cliff. The fire engine of this house was propelled by its own steam, and I often saw the engine puffing along John street. I remember the firm of women brokers at 44 Broad street. Woodhull & Claflin was the title of the concern. I recollect the Rutgers Academy for Young Ladies. It was on Fifth avenue, opposite the old reservoir. I recollect the draft riots. I remember seeing the excited mob running up Second avenue to pillage and burn an armory at Second avenue and Twenty-first street. The soldiers fired into the mob, and I saw one man carried through East Twelfth street on a stretcher. The man's face was torn away by a gunshot. The mob raced through the streets of the city hunting for negroes to hang them to the nearest lamp post. I think martial law was declared.

Who remembers Dr. Hyslop's drug store, Thirteenth street and First avenue, and Dr. Miller's, Fifteenth street and First avenue? Who remembers Graham's shoe store on Catharine street, with the big wooden boot outside the door? And Drake's hat store on the lower Bowery?

I recollect the stealing of A. T. Stewart's body from its grave in St. Mark's churchyard. I remember Wallack's Theatre at Broadway and Thirteenth street. I remember Wallack's excellent company. Among them were John Gilbert, Mr. Davidge, Mr. Holland, Harry Beckett, Mme. Ponisi, Effie Germon, Harry Montague, and last but not least Lester Wallack himself. A Mr. Barton was treasurer of the company, I think. I remember Mr. Moss also.

I remember the foot passenger bridge that stood at Fulton street and Broadway. I crossed the bridge many times. In those days the steeple of old Trinity Church was considered very high and it was a landmark for those coming up the bay. I recollect the opening of the Equitable Life Assurance company's building. It was one of the sights of the city. I recollect the beautiful steamboats of the Harlem River Line. The boats were very fleet and were named Sylvan Stream, Sylvan Dell and Sylvan Glen. They went up the East River to Harlem. From there you could take a smaller steamboat, which carried you up the Harlem River to High Bridge. High Bridge was considered a great engineering feat in those days and every one went to see it.

Who remembers the store of Feller & Co. on Broadway? Who remembers Lidgerwood & Co.'s fine grocery store at Fourteenth street and Broadway? Who remembers Mealio's hat store on Broadway, and John Gelston's mineral water spa on Broad street near Wall? Who remembers Gale's piano factory on East Twelfth street, near Third avenue, and Moran's mineral water establishment on Third avenue near Fifteenth street? Who remembers the Stuyvesant pear tree that grew on the northeast corner of Thirteenth street and Third avenue? The tree was protected by a high iron railing around it.

Who remembers the Old Shakespeare Inn in Twelfth street west of Broadway? It was a quaint old place.

Who remembers the genial Mr. George White who taught in the public schools? In later years he became a principal. He had a host of friends and his old pupils used to "dinner" him nearly every year.

Who remembers the store of E. D. Bassford in Cooper Union building?

Who recollects Station D of the Post Office when it was located in the Bible House?

Who remembers Theiss's Garden on Stuyvesant street near Third avenue? The place was a quiet resort for the German element. The yard in the rear had gravel walks and nicely sodded grass plots and a circular basin or fountain with the water dancing merrily from its centre all the time.

Who remembers the cracker bakery that stood on the northwest corner of Fourteenth street and Third avenue, and the oyster saloon that was on the southeast corner? You could go there after the play and enjoy an oyster stew with a heaping plate full of cold slaw and a dish of round crackers—all for of 20 cents.

Who recollects the Dew Drop Inn on Broadway and the saloons in the cellars along Water and North William streets?

Who remembers the beautiful large dwelling of Senator Evarts? It stood on the corner of Second avenue and Fourteenth street, the northwest corner.

Who remembers the beautiful mansion built on the southwest corner of Second avenue and Fifteenth street? I saw the men laying the foundation of that house.

Who recollects the mansion of Hamilton Fish? The house and grounds occupied the whole avenue front from Seventeenth to Eighteenth street. A hospital occupies the site now.

Who recollects the beautiful dwelling on the east side of Second avenue between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets? On each side of the stoop leading up to the entrance of the house stood the metal figures of two large lions. The kids of the neighborhood used to come up and peer in at the figures of the animals; then they would scamper away shouting that the house was haunted.

Who remembers the shot tower that stood on Fifty-third street near the East River? It belonged to the Le Roy Shot and Lead Manufacturing Company, a concern that during war times made shot and minié balls for the army.

I remember the underground railway at Warren street and Broadway, under Devlin's clothing store. The railway was a large circular iron tube. In this tube was the passenger car, fitting closely to the sides of the tube. I forget what was the motive power. The length of the road was about 400 feet. An English company built it as an experiment.

CHARLES F. LAWRENCE.

NEW YORK, June 3.

Old Public School No. 1.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Can any of THE SUN's veteran readers and correspondents tell anything about the survivors of school No. 1, situated on William street between Duane and Pearl, destroyed to make way for New Chambers street? Captain George W. De Long, U. S. N., an Arctic explorer, was graduated from there to the Naval Academy; and there were others of distinction. Is there an association of the graduates? Where can a list be obtained?

OLD SUN READER.

NEW YORK, June 3.

Depth of Ore Deposits.

From the Scientific American.

Men sometimes dream of enormous wealth stored deep in the earth, below the reach of miners, but experts aver that there is little or no ground to believe that valuable metallic deposits lie very deep in the earth's crust. Such deposits, it is said, are made by underground waters, and owing to the pressure on the rocks at great depths the waters are confined to a shell near the surface. With few exceptions ore deposits become too lean to repay working below 3,000 feet. Nine mines in ten, taking the world as a whole, are poorer in the second thousand feet than in the first thousand, and poorer yet in the third thousand than in the second.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

No Need to Change the Laws as to the Support of Children.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Some eccentric anti-suffragist of Greenwich, Conn., proposes to amend the municipal woman suffrage bill by adding a clause making the mother equally responsible with the father for the support of the children. The States where women already have the ballot have not felt it necessary to make any such regulation. In Wyoming, for instance, women have voted for forty-two years, yet the husband is still legally responsible for supporting the children.

Miss Molly Elliot Seawell's recent assertion that the obligation of the husband to support his wife and children would cease if women got the ballot was received with contemptuous astonishment by the highest legal authorities of the enfranchised States. Chief Justice Sullivan of Idaho stigmatized it as absurd, and the Hon. T. F. Burke of Cheyenne wrote to his cousin, Mrs. Mary C. Jackson, 17 Oakland street, Lexington:

Miss Seawell's argument is weak and silly. It is no less the moral or the legal obligation of the husband to support the wife in suffrage States than in any other. He is no less the bread earner of the family. The laws of relationship are not changed.

Judge Lindsey of the Denver Juvenile Court says that the obligation of fathers to support their families is better enforced in Colorado than in any other place that he knows.

ETHEL C. AVERY.

BOSTON, June 3.

A SURREY GHOST.

Strange Sounds That Baffle Police and Psychical Researchers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am in receipt of a letter from one of the three vicars of the bright and cheerful little town of Woking, Surrey, England, which altogether puts the Cock lane ghost story of 1762 in the shade, for it is having the careful investigation of no less a personage than the late president of the local board of trade, a brother of the former Prime Minister of England. There is no doubt about the story; the only question is the cause.

Mr. George Holroyd, whose father is a member of the firm of Friary, Holroyd & Healy, the famous Surrey brewers, resides in a charming house recently built in quiet and secluded grounds, and quite lately, on May 4 to be exact, he heard shrieks and moans coming from the central hall of his mansion. The maid in the kitchen was the first to hear the sounds, and then his son, a youth of 12. At first Mr. Holroyd laughed at the suggestion of a ghost, but soon the dog began to bark, and the shrieks and groans have been repeated for at least twenty days. They sound as though a woman was bricked up in a wall. One morning as early as 6 o'clock the shrieks and moans disturbed Mr. Holroyd's little children.

The house has been thoroughly searched by the police, and the Society for Psychical Research, at Mr. Gerald Balfour's request, is investigating the matter.

Your readers will remember that in the Stockwell ghost story Mr. Parsons, the owner of the house, declared that the ghost was the spirit of Fanny Kent, who was said to have been murdered, but it was discovered that Parsons's young daughter of 12 produced the knockings under her bed. Her father was placed in the pillory. Still the ghost of Cock lane set London agog for many days and it is now a matter of history.

BROOKLYN, June 3. H.

THE TARIFF ON WOOLLENS.

A Protectionist's View of the Effect of Proposed Reduction in Rates.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The "Democrats for tariff buncombe only" have decided in caucus to reduce the tariff on raw wool to 20 per cent. and on woollens to about 40 per cent. ad valorem, as against 44 and about 95 per cent. respectively under the present tariff. Mr. Underwood says that there would be under this proposed tariff a reduction in the revenues of about $7,700,000 from raw wool but that there would be a gain of $6,380,000 derived from woollen manufactures, thus affecting the revenue adversely by only about $1,400,000.

This way of figuring would imply practically that last year's imports of woollens, which were about $44,000,000, producing a revenue of $41,904,000, would have to be increased to $104,760,000 in order to equal last year's revenue, and to show a gain of $6,380,000 the total imports would have to be $120,710,000, as against present imports of $44,000,000. Assuming that the imports would be increased as above under the proposed tariff, what would happen then? The jobber of woollens and the manufacturer of clothing would pocket the difference between the value of the imported article and that of the corresponding home product. The American factories would employ fewer hands and the consumer would as usual buy his clothing at the old prices, if not at higher prices. The amount of material that goes into a suit of clothes or into a woman's dress is trifling as compared with the cost of making them. Everything is high in this country, and until a much lower scale is established all around we only invite disaster to our own industries by drastic reductions such as those the Democrats propose. They know all this, but so long as they can fool the people on the old fake issue they are going to do it.

NEW YORK, June 3. PROTECTION.

From Our Consuls.

Australia has an artesian water area of 840,000 square miles, mostly arid localities, available for irrigation.

Cinematograph theatres are very popular all over Great Britain. The United States supplies 60 to 75 per cent. of the films used.

Otto Licht anticipates a European yield this season of 7,500,000 tons of beet sugar, almost the same as the 1910-11 output.

Salonica is the most progressive city of Turkey, as is shown by the enterprise of its inhabitants and the industrial schemes under way and proposed. In the papers American advertisements are beginning to appear.

Hawaii's 1911 sugar crop is expected to aggregate 53,000 tons. The average yield from the cane is not quite as good as last season.

Germany has 32,449 practising doctors, or 5 for each 10,000 of the population, an increase of 480 over 1909.

One of the most important and growing State capitals of Venezuela is Ciudad Bolivar, principal city of the famous Orinoco Basin and of the country known as Venezuelan Guiana. The foreign commerce in 1910 had a value of $6,444,876, one-third imports and two-thirds exports. Our share of the imports was $428,517, Great Britain and Germany leading. Active American salesmen wanted there. The city is kept clean. No sickness and no infectious diseases.

Edmonton, Canadian Northwest, is building up. One local building company has ordered 400 carloads (11,000,000 feet) of lumber from a mill at Revelstoke, B. C.

The production of oil fields between Tampico and Tuxpan, Mexico, is 100,000 to 110,000 barrels daily, of which about 40,000 are being lost for want of storage facilities.

Germany sold $46,500,000 worth of potash in 1910, against $13,600,000 worth in 1900, $6,500,000 worth in 1890, and $4,300,000 worth in 1880.

The net profits of Germany's nine great banks in 1910 were about $34,500,000, an increase of about $1,000,000 over 1909. Dividends paid amounted to $25,000,000. About $1,850,000,000 is invested in these banks. They are actively assisting in the extension of Germany's foreign trade.

In 1910 Canada purchased $30,413,928 worth of American coal, or three times as much as in 1894.

There is demand at Frankfort and vicinity, Germany, for American shoes, lumber, machine tools, druggists' sundries, ordinary tools and hardware, dental supplies, fountain pens, cash registers, optical goods, sewing machines, typewriters, leather (very popular), agricultural implements, copper (a good market), glassware, hats, lard, sausage casings, wheat, California wines, tobacco, bacon, prunes, dried and green apples, corn and turpentine (Wiesbaden).

Digging Ginseng Roots in Indiana.

Connersville correspondence Indianapolis News.

The digging of ginseng for sale, an industry nearly obsolete here, has been revived this spring, and more than fifty pounds of the root have been sold to local druggists. Twenty-five years ago this plant was plentiful in the woods in and about this country, but its commercial value was discovered and it was almost exterminated by the diligent digging that followed. When it became so scarce as to be unprofitable it was forgotten and many a farmer boy grew up without learning to recognize the curious, oval, saw edge leaves that crown the ginseng stalk. In the meantime the plant, unmolested, again became common.